"The Truth shall make you FREE."—Christ.

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ATTILIO FROSINI:

A TUSCAN TALE.

"Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy and delight to save."

While the praise of Italian patriotism echoes over every continent and island, we may say it is not simply an *idea* of liberty that rejoices the heart of Italy, but a positive redemption from the most galling and cruel bondage that ever cursed humanity. It is the dispersion of cruel despots and task-masters, and the freeing of a people whose bodies and souls have been under the harrow of the foulest forms of slavery. We have singled out, to show this, one touching and pathetic tale of the judicial murder of a boy, a few years ago, by the Austrian authority at Pistoja, under "the mild and merciful Grand Duke," as he was called, whose mercy was cruelty. It was only in July, 1860, the body of the child, Frosini, was exhumed from the fortress moat where he was shot by Austrian bullets, and at which ceremony the Tuscans, free from their "merciful Duke," and their Austrian intimidators, could hold a grand ceremony on the occasion. The father of this murdered child, and mother too, in the greatest mental suffering, speedily followed their boy to the world where the oppressor's voice is heard no more. But we must stand aside, and let the correspondent of the *Athenæum*, who writes from Pistoja, tell this woeful tale.

"A very interesting and touching ceremony took place in this ancient city a few days since. The exhumation from the fortress moat, and translation to our Church, the remains of Attilio Frosini, who was judicially murdered here in 1849. Great and merited was the outcry last year of the barbarous massacre of the Cignoli family by the Austrian troops in Piedmont, which was an excess committed in the midst of the raging whirl of war, while poor Frosini, the son of respectable parents, and not he alone, was coolly butchered in time of peace, in a populous city, where no state of siege had been proclaimed.

"A good and kindly priest, Padre Vicenzo Marraccini, who assisted the poor boy with religious consolation in the last bitter moments of his existence, read aloud to the assembled throng around the grave the piteous story of those terrible hours, which had so wrought upon the heart of the confessor, that for seven months after the scene occurred he was totally unable to dwell on its memories sufficiently to throw them together in writing. It may well be believed that the narrative was listened to with hot tears and groans of generous indignation by an audience, great part of whom personally knew the unfortunate family; and the simple unadorned tale is now published for the profit of the orphan brothers (still of very tender age) of the victim. The entire expense of the ceremony, and the monument to be erected, will be defrayed by the proceeds of a subscription made by the people of Pistoja of a *crazia* (two-thirds of a penny) each. And what was the heinous crime for which Attilio Frosini was, without form of trial of any kind, after four-and-twenty hours' confinement in irons, shot, in the fortress-ditch of Pistoja? All Europe was then ringing with the splendid victories of the Hungarian people over their powerful oppressors. The boy Attilio, excited by the glorious news,

and full of a boy's generous impulses, chanced to pass before the Bishop's palace where the Austrian colonel lived. The soldiers of the regiment then quartered at Pistoja were considered, from their uniform, and represented to be, Hungarians. Frosini, as he passed the sentinel, lifted his hat, and exclaimed 'Viva Kossuth!' To which the sentinel, and another soldier standing by, answered 'Viva!' This emboldened the lad to repeat his exclamation, and two more soldiers coming out joined the others, and cried 'Evviva! Bravo!'—and smilingly, called him over to them. No sooner did he approach, however, than they surrounded him and carried him into the guardhouse, under arrest. Here Frosini first reasoned and protested against his detention, then, losing self-command, broke forth into invectives against his treacherous captors, and attempted to tear the Austrian flag, which hung in the guardhouse. He was then brought before the Austrian Commandant—be his name remembered—Lieut. Col. Francis De Mayer—who, after hearing the charge against him, fitly initiated his judicial functions by giving the lad several violent blows with the flat of his drawn sword, and sent him off to the fortress under the guard of *thirty* Croats. There the poor soul remained, without food or water, and without the possibility of communicating with his family, till two the next day, the hour at which the priest was sent for '*to visit a sick man*' within the walls, and found this doughty champion of Hungarian nationality accused of trying to seduce the Croats from their allegiance; but whether by the cry of 'Viva Kossuth!' or by the bribe of the seventeen *quattrini* (about twopence) found in his pockets, was not specified. The boy was utterly exhausted and beaten down when the priest first found him. His high spirit had quite given way; and as he lay, chained by the arm and leg, with a corporal and four soldiers keeping constant guard over him, his head was buried in his arms, and the slow tears were creeping over the iron that bound his wrists.

"Very moving is Padre Marraccini's account of the poor lad's simple joy at seeing a well-known face, though totally unconscious of the summons which had brought the priest to his prison. At Frosini's earnest request for a little water to drink, the priest, with some difficulty, obtained for him from the corporal one of those thin, brittle flasks coated with basket-work, which are used throughout Tuscany. The boy, in the avidity of his burning thirst, drank so eagerly as to break off a piece of the glass, cutting his lips severely. Seeing the blood stream down, the priest besought the corporal over and over again to let him have a glass to drink from; but this small favour was sullenly refused with a 'Can't be!' As the hours went by, the priest—whose heart foreboded the fatal upshot of the reference which, as he was told by a Tuscan soldier, had been made to the colonel of the Croat regiment at Prato—tried to lead Frosini's mind to a contemplation of his spiritual state. He talked to him of his hopes beyond the grave, took down a small print of the Madonna from the wall, and laid it on his lap, and bade him in all things yield up his will to the will of Him who knows what is best for us. The boy's answer to these words is pathetic for its very childishness. 'Yes,' said he, 'I will do so—I will be good—don't fear for me—I will be good!' Late in the afternoon the priest entreated for a morsel of food for his young penitent; and instead of the *minestra*, or soup, for which he had petitioned, and which makes part of the daily nourishment of every Tuscan, high and low, could obtain only a crust of black bread, so hard that, says the priest, 'I was obliged to break it with all my force against the wooden bench, and which his fevered throat was totally unable to swallow.'

"Soon after this, on pretence of going to fetch a crucifix from his house hard by, the priest sought out the Austrian captain, and entreated him to say what was likely to be the colonel's decision, and whether he was to consider himself called on to prepare poor Frosini for death; adding such pleading words of wistful intercession as the case inspired. To all his anxious inquiries the only reply was, that the result was quite uncertain; that it depended on the general's will; that the colonel at Prato (ten miles off) had sent no answer as yet, and that

he (the priest) must act as he thought best in the matter.

"Returning at five o'clock to the prison, Padre Marraccini saw no signs of better hope. The official reply was still the same:—'No answer had been returned from Prato; nothing further was known.' But meanwhile the Tuscan soldiers, who, under the command of an Austrian corporal, had guarded the prisoner in the morning, were now exchanged for Croats; a boding symptom for the poor victim, who informed the priest when he entered, that he had seen them whispering together, but dared not ask the reason. Believing that the worst was at hand, the priest tenderly began to prepare his penitent to meet his sudden fate. Then followed the lad's confession—a confession made with the penitent's head, child-like, on the confessor's shoulder, whose arm supported his waist; while the impassible soldiers refused to withdraw a few steps towards the door, to ensure the privacy required by this rite of the Roman Church.

"His confession made, and repeated, at his urgent request, more than once, lest, as he said—poor child!—'he should have left out anything, as he had not his wits well about him,'—Frosini fell quietly asleep, still leaning on the priest's breast, and only awoke when startled by the guardhouse clock, which struck seven. The hour succeeding this was occupied by the confessor in gently breaking to the boy the terrible probability of his condemnation to death. He received the tidings with blank silence, at first, and then with piteous exclamations of, "Will they kill me then?—my mother?—my little brother?" and with the words burst out despairing sobs and tears.

"At the twenty-four, or sundown, the priest, after reciting the 'Angelus' with Frosini, once more solemnly absolved him, and left him, to return home for awhile. As he quitted the fortress, he again spoke with the Austrian captain, who declared that no answer had yet come from Prato; but thought it could not be much longer delayed, and promised that the priest should be sent to if wanted.

"A little after nine o'clock a Tuscan sergeant came to Padre Marraccini's house, and once more summoned him to the fortress. He was not, as before, taken to the prison, but into the dry moat beneath the bastions. There, freed from his chains, and leaning against the wall in the bright moonlight of that summer night, his face upturned to the sky and his arms crossed on his breast, stood poor Frosini. Ten or twelve Austrian soldiers with shouldered muskets formed a semicircle before him. Another more numerous body were drawn up in a line at a little distance. 'He looked so fair and handsome!' writes the kind-hearted Padre. 'The moonlight silvered him from head to foot, and made him look like an angel!' The boy was very sad, but now quite calm. No vain entreaty passed his lips to be allowed to look once more on his parents' faces. All he said was, 'Don't leave me any more! See to what a pass they have brought me!' At the beat of a drum the soldiers formed into two lines, between which Frosini and the priest passed, holding each other by the hand, while the smaller group of soldiers brought up the rear. When ordered to halt, the left-hand rank opened and disclosed a small table, round which stood a number of Austrian officers. One of them advanced a few steps, and said, 'Attilio Frosini, your sentence is arrived; it will first be read to you in German, and afterwards explained in Italian.' Then, taking up a paper and a small lamp from the table, he read as follows:—'Attilio Frosini, you are convicted (!) of having attempted to induce two of our soldiers to desert; you should therefore be sentenced to be hanged'—'God's will be done!' broke in Attilio—'but as this punishment cannot be inflicted,' continued the officer, 'it is commuted, and you will be shot instead. Do you understand me?'—'God's will be done!' again said Attilio; but as he spoke his straw hat fell from his hand, and he grasped the priest's sleeve convulsively.

There is but little more of the sad tale to tell. When the drum beat again, the victim was conducted to the spot destined for his execution. The file of soldiers was duly drawn up in front of him. He was ordered to kneel down; and before his eyes were bandaged the

priest and he exchanged a last solemn embrace, and a last word of kindness and farewell. 'May God reward you!' said the poor lad, fervently; 'I commit myself to Him.' The next sound which broke the night-stillness was the sharp volley which stretched him lifeless on the turf. A few hours afterwards, his body was so carelessly huddled, without form of service, into a shallow grave in the fortress-ditch, that part of one arm was to be seen, some days later, protruding from the ground; and the fortress-jailer, Cottini, who yet fills the same office, pityingly had a little rubbish and quicklime thrown upon the spot, to save the poor remains from desecration. This same man subsequently nailed a small wooden cross against the wall, close by the lonely grave, and twice restored it to its place when torn down by the Croat soldiers.

"So perished one among the many victims of Radetzky's reign of terror in Tuscany; the Tuscan Government being perfectly aware of the excess about to be perpetrated—seeing that the then Prefect of Pistoja, Cav. Gualandi, having been secretly apprised by an Austrian officer of the ill deed the Colonel had in hand, hurried to Florence early on the morning after Frosini's arrest, and laid the whole matter before the Grand-Duke and his ministers, without success.

"That other such, and perhaps worse, horrors are on record against Col. De Mayer, at Pistoja, the following facts will show, which are mentioned in a note to Padre Maraccini's narrative.

"On the 16th of July, 1849, about a fortnight after Frosini's execution, a young man named Sergio Sacconi, the only son of a widowed mother, and one of the volunteers who had served bravely in the Tuscan *bersaglieri*, was quietly strolling at about ten in the evening past the Bishop's palace, mentioned in the Frosini tragedy. At the door of the palace stood a knot of Austrian officers, among whom was Col. De Mayer. Sacconi, as he passed the group, removed the cigar from his lips 'in token of respect,' mindful, no doubt, of the deeds of violence done upon several of his countrymen who had omitted thus to acknowledge their servitude. He had scarcely passed when an officer roughly called him back, and shouting out some words in German, he and two of the others fell upon the luckless young man, and one of them, with his drawn sword, inflicted such a gash on his head that he fell on the ground bathed in blood. Retaining, however, strength enough to rise to his feet again, he pressed his handkerchief to the wound and dragged himself painfully along the street, the big gouts of blood splashing the flag-stones all the way to his house in Piazza del Duomo. There, after fifty-eight hours of fearful agony, Sergio Sacconi died. He had been assassinated in the public street, while passing by his murderers unarmed, and without giving them a shadow of provocation; and that, too, under the very eyes of their commanding officer! The municipal authorities took cognizance of the affair, and were well aware who were the guilty parties, but dared not, of course, venture upon even the smallest remonstrance. Such deeds require neither varnish nor comment at the hands of the narrator. To make them known is to hold them up to the execution of every civilized community. Well may Pistoja shudder at the remembrance of the Austrian occupation, and thank God that the Grand-Duke's paternal sway is no more! When it is recollected that these and hundreds of similar savage barbarities committed by Austrian troops, live in the remembrance of this people, and form the wonted subject of their evening talk during the long hearth-side *veglie* of winter, and the star-lit summer lounges around cottage door and village fountain, it is not to be believed that the miscalled governments which permit and protect such enormities can ever govern effectively or to good purpose any portion of the Peninsula."

The proper retribution of such cruel and iniquitous rule has come. The avenger's sword in Italy has since driven dukes and princes before it like chaff. We sincerely pray that a code of wise and excellent laws may be prepared, and that freedom, justice, and true religion may yet shine over Italy. We cannot doubt but such cruelties as we have just narrated have led on to the present struggle and hopeful aspects of that country.

"PATIENT WAITING NO LOSS."

BY ELLEN ASHTON.

It was the evening before Isabel Wharton's marriage. A spoiled beauty, to whom admiration had been daily food, and now about to make what the world called a brilliant match, she could not resist the temptation to triumph over her elder sister, who, though not wanting in personal charms, was still unmarried.

"Only think Ellen," said she, "I am more than two years younger than you, and yet am married first. You must make haste."

Ellen smiled. "I am in no hurry," she answered. "When the right one comes along it will be time enough." She did not add that she might have had Isabel's intended, if she had shown him encouragement at first; for this was a secret she religiously kept from her sister. "You know the old proverb, sis, 'Patient waiting's no loss.' I do not want to marry until I love; and perhaps I shall never do that."

"You're too particular," said the bride, with a toss of the head. "You expect impossibilities. You'll go through the wood, and have to cut a crooked stick at last."

"I shall never do that," replied Ellen, firmly. "I'd rather have no stick at all," she added a moment after, laughingly.

Two years subsequently there was another bridal group in the same mansion. This time the fiancee was Ellen's next youngest sister. She also had secured what the world considered a prize; that is, she was about to marry wealth, position, and — a fool.

"My child," said the mother, who was present, addressing Ellen, and the tears came into her eyes as she looked on the bride, "you at least are left to me."

Ellen pressed her parent's hand in silence. Both shared the same forebodings as to the future happiness of the bride. Isabel's brilliant match had been a failure, for her husband had turned out dissipated, and though she had everything which riches could supply, she carried an aching heart. The mother feared that a similar fate impended over this daughter; but Mary had been wilful; and the father, who considered wealth all in all, had taken her side.

"Oh!" cried the bride, "Ellen will be the old maid of the family. Nobody but a prince in disguise will suit her ladyship; and as princes are scarce in this country, she'll have to stay unmarried." She spoke with a slight touch of bitterness, for she remembered her sister's expostulations, when she had begun to favour her intended husband's suit.

No evidence of emotion appeared on Ellen's face, though she was deeply hurt. She answered, mildly, "A prince is the last person I should marry. But you know, May, I am less beautiful than you; and plain spinsters"—and she smiled—"cannot pick and choose like *belles*. But they say everybody has a mate, and some time, I suppose, mine will come along. 'Patient waiting,' you know, is 'no loss.' I am in no hurry to marry, however, and leave dear mamma." And she twined her arms about her parent's neck.

Three years more elapsed. Again there was a bride in the household; but still it was not Ellen. Her youngest sister, the loveliest of all, and hardly seventeen, was the one.

"Look at us, ma," said the thoughtless child, as she caught sight of her sister's face in the glass. "I declare, Ellen looks old enough to be my mother. You'll soon be putting on caps, sis," continued the gay, pert thing, "for you'll never marry, that I'll answer for, and Harry says so, too.

It seemed Ellen's fate to have mortifying things said to her by her younger sisters, when they were on the eve of marriage. But she remembered how giddy and young Lillian was, and she replied, kindly, "It is quite probable I shall never marry, dear. But let me fix that flower differently in your hair. I think Harry will pronounce you lovelier than ever, to-night."

"I'm glad that you've made up your mind that you'll be an old maid," answered Lillian, as she bent her head to have the flower arranged. "Harry says it's such a pity, when a girl wants to get married, and can't; that every one,

old like you, ought to convince herself she'll never have a beau; for she'll be all the happier. But this don't look much like fulfilling your favourite proverb," she said, looking archly at Ellen, "that 'Patient waiting is no loss.' Ah! sis."

"I hold to my proverb yet," replied Ellen, unmoved by this repetition of Henry's remarks. "Unless I could marry suitably, marry one I could reverence and love, it would be better that I should not marry at all. 'Patient waiting *is* no loss.' The loss would be, by not waiting, to involve myself in an ill-assorted union."

"Dear me! you frighten me. One would think getting married was a terrible thing," answered the volatile girl. "Harry says you have often a face like a funeral; and I'm sure you look that way now."

Another two years had passed. This time it was Ellen that was the bride. At last she had found one worthy of her; a noble, gifted, true-hearted man, who had recognized her many good qualities by intuition, and had wooed and won her, though not without difficulty. Her sisters were all present at the wedding, and all looked older than she, even Lillian; for none had made happy marriages, and care and disappointment were wearing them out.

Each of the three thought of what she had said to Ellen, and each wished that she had been less governed by the common weakness of her sex, to secure an early settlement in life. "Ah!" said each to her own heart, "Ellen was right. In 'patient waiting there is no loss,' especially in marrying."

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PHYSICAL CULTURE.

BY DOCTOR WINDSHIP.

FROM the manner in which great truths have been recognized at one time, and neglected at another in the world's history, it would almost seem as if they had their revolutions like the sun, and were destined at one period to shed light and warmth upon mankind, and at another to be borne so far from us in their orbits as to shed but a wintry radiance. The essential fact in education that a proper culture must unite strict care for the body, with a judicious mental training, was better appreciated and understood in ancient Athens in the time of Plato, than in our own time in that trimountainous city sometimes playfully called the "Modern Athens."

The present movement in behalf of physical culture would seem to encourage the belief that a revival of some of those great convictions in regard to education, which prevailed in ancient Greece, is now about to dawn. In its full sense, education is a leading forth of the faculties of the mind through the healthy development of those of the body. In physical culture, I would comprehend culture of the body in its most extended sense—not of the trunk alone, but with it of the neck, head, and limbs, and of whatever of us is material. It is the application of means for physical improvement; the avoidance of habits that infallibly involve physical degeneracy; the development of the bodily powers; the conversion of disease into soundness, of weakness into strength, of awkwardness into grace, of disproportion into correspondence; in short, the elaboration and finishing of the edifice in which mind resides—that temple made of clay—that house we live in.

Improvement of one's physical state can never be entered upon too early, and so long as there is an atom of life and strength, never too late. Let no one despair of success in the attempt. Dr. Warren, in his little work on Health, tells us of a member of the legal profession who practised gymnastics for the first time, and with the happiest results, when nearly seventy years old. Cornaro, the Italian, whose treatise on Health

and Long Life has given him a world-wide reputation, began at forty to repair the damages which many years of dissipation had made upon a constitution naturally infirm; and, in spite of the predictions of all his physicians and friends, he succeeded, not only in restoring the health he had lost, but in gaining a health he had never before experienced. He was eighty when he published his treatise, lived to see it through four editions, and died tranquilly in his bed, after he had completed his one hundredth year.

In this connection it is worth while to observe how much may be accomplished by simply correcting a single bad habit. The legal gentleman to whom Dr. Warren alludes was much benefitted by gymnastics. On the other hand, Cornaro, as he himself states, found a *panacea* for all his ills in a careful avoidance of intemperance in eating and drinking. It is, indeed, of little consequence what path we pursue, if by it we can reach the desired goal.

Sometimes it may be inconvenient to take the best path; let us, then, do the next best thing. At an early age I was told by many that to practice a heroic degree of self-denial, and to *rise from the table hungry*, was the way to secure health. For many years I tried to do this, but succeeded very imperfectly. I at length resolved to attempt the next best thing, and am not sure that it was not the best thing of all. It was merely this—to put no extra restraint upon my appetite, to practice no very rigorous self-denial, but to eat and drink about as much as I desired, and then, by my subsequent self-management, to take care that I should make myself *need* every particle I had swallowed.

Soon after I began to carry out this principle, I experienced a cessation of indigestion, and the many ills to which it gives rise. Having found, too, that this principle worked well in the long run, I still retain it as one of the cardinal rules in my method of training.

And what is my method? you will perhaps inquire. It is the doing the right thing, in the right way, at the right time. It is the obtaining a sufficiency without going to excess. It is the using of my own discretion about everything, without blindly following another's precept or another's example, or even tying myself down to rules of my own devising. It is the carrying out of what may seem to be the expediency of the moment. It is the doing of what may seem best under the circumstances.

But, though it may be difficult for me to describe briefly and clearly what my method is, that is no argument against its efficacy. What other method would have insured for me an appreciable gain in strength, day by day, month by month, and year by year, with an almost entire exemption, meanwhile, from any but the most trivial disorders? Let the following facts speak for themselves.

I was nearly seventeen years of age before I seriously undertook to improve my physical condition. I was then but five feet in height, and a hundred pounds in weight. I was rather strong for my size, but not strong for my years, and my health was not vigorous. I am now twenty-six years of age, five feet seven inches in height, and one hundred and forty-eight pounds in weight. My strength is more than twice that of an ordinary man, and my health is as excellent as my strength.

What has produced this astonishing change in my physical condition during the last nine years? I will attempt to sum up a few of the proximate causes that may have lead to this result.

1st.—I have breathed an abundance of pure, fresh air almost constantly.

2nd.—I have exposed myself sufficiently to the sun.

3rd.—I have eaten an abundance of wholesome food.

4th.—I have drank less than a quart of spirituous liquors, and less than a gallon of fermented.

5th.—I have used less than an ounce of tobacco.

6th.—I have taken, nearly every day, about a half-hour's gymnastic exercise in the open air.

7th.—I have conformed to the customs of society only so far as they were not at variance with health.

8th.—Regarding procrastination as the thief, not only of time, but also of health, I have shunned it as especially

dangerous in all matters pertaining to physical well-being.

9th.—I have poisoned myself as little as possible by food contaminated with lead, copper, brass, or bell-metal.

10th.—I have developed my body harmoniously.

11th.—I have allowed myself at least ten hours' rest in almost every twenty-four.

12th.—I have paid a due regard to bathing, without, however, rendering myself amphibious, or carrying a good thing to excess.

13th.—I have been particular that every portion of my dress should be as loose and easy as the freest action of my muscles and limbs would demand.

During these nine years, while endeavouring to promote my physical welfare, I have made the following discoveries:

1st.—That whatever increased my strength improved my health.

2nd.—That one means of improving my health was to increase my strength.

3rd.—That the stronger I became, the healthier I became.

4th.—That it was as easy for me to increase the strength of my body as it was that of a magnet.

5th.—That, by developing my body harmoniously, I could preclude the possibility of hernia, or any other serious injury, that otherwise might arise from an exceedingly violent action of my muscles.

6th.—That lifting, if properly practised, was the surest and quickest method of producing harmonious development; while it was also the most strengthening of all exercises, and consequently the most healthful.

7th.—That it was better, while exercising, to perform twenty different feats once, than one feat twenty times.

8th.—That it was possible for me to take, in fifteen or twenty minutes, all the gymnastic exercise that I should need in twenty-four hours.

9th.—That I could gain faster in strength by forty minutes' gymnastic exercise once in two days, than by twenty minutes of the same daily.

10th.—That, as my strength increased, my exercise should be more intense, but less protracted.

11th.—That increase of the muscular power was attended with increase of the digestive.

12th.—That one means of increasing the digestive power was to increase the muscular.

13th.—That many articles of food had formerly proved injurious to me, not because they were really unwholesome, but because I was unable to digest them.

14th.—That a person may become possessed of great physical strength, without having inherited it.

15th.—That by increasing my strength a predispositon to certain diseases may be removed, and diseases already present removed or mitigated.

16th.—That increase of strength can not long continue on a diet exclusively vegetable.

17th.—That increasing the strength made excretion take place less from the skin, but more from the lungs and the other emunctories.

18th.—That what benefits a part of the body, benefits more or less the whole.

19th.—That, long before I succeeded in lifting 1,100 lbs. with the hands, I had ceased to be troubled with sick-headache, nervousness, and indigestion.

20th.—That a delicate boy of seventeen need not despair of becoming, in time, a remarkably strong and healthy man.

Having made the subject of health and strength a speciality for so many consecutive years, and with a success that has excited much interest, it may be pardonable in me to offer the following rules for the promotion of physical culture:

1st.—Select, if possible, for your sleeping apartment, a room on the "sunny side."

2nd.—Let the sun have access to it at least six hours a day.

3rd.—Keep it thoroughly ventilated the whole time, particularly during the night.

4th.—Contrive, however, to have it thoroughly ventilated, without subjecting you to too great a draught.

5th.—Practise general ablution at least once a week in cold weather, and twice a week in warm, but seldom oftener. In offering this rule, I expect

to be censured by quite a large class in the community who seem to delight in daily soaking and splashing in water, not having, probably, the slightest consciousness that by so doing they defeat every intention for which water is externally applied.

6th.—Allow yourself not less than eight hours' rest as a daily average. I allow myself not less than ten.

7th.—Never, while in good health, let the temperament of your apartment, when heated artificially, get above 70 degrees by Fahrenheit. I prefer for myself a temperature of about 60 degrees.

8th.—Keep the atmosphere of any apartment you occupy sufficiently pure, by occasionally opening the windows, and sufficiently moist, when it is being artificially warmed, by the constant evaporation of water.

9th.—Never forget that the combustion of any inflammable substance is invariably productive of poisonous gases.

10th.—Never use food of any kind, if you can conveniently avoid it, that you have reason to believe was prepared in a copper, brass, or bell-metal utensil, no matter how scientifically such utensil may have been "protected."

11th.—Never use water internally or externally that has come in contact with *lead*, or any other poisonous substance, if you can have choice of that which has only come in contact with iron, gutta percha, or glass.

12th.—If you must use water that has come in contact with a poisonous substance, neglect no expedient for rendering such water as nearly free from it as possible.

13th.—Most use that kind of food which you most prefer, if your experience is not against it, without regard to what Liebig has said of its chemical constituents, or Beaumont of its digestibility.

14th.—Never "rise from the table hungry," if you are not an invalid, but completely satisfy your appetite. The digestive power, like the muscular, will be weakened, if not vigorously exercised.

15th.—Avoid excessive exercise of either mind or body, lest you create a necessity for narcotics and stimulants.

16th.—Avoid too little exercise, for the same reason.

17th.—Increase your strength, as one means of improving your health.

18th.—Practise lifting, as the most strengthening of all exercise, and consequently the most healthful, but practice it with the utmost caution, until you have ceased to have any weak point.

19th.—Use dumb-bells, as a means of exercise, to be ranked next to lifting in importance, and let them be always as heavy as you can conveniently handle; but use them with great caution, and never for a longer time than ten or fifteen minutes in the course of a whole day.

20th.—Develope the body harmoniously, in order that you may preclude the possibility of hernia, or any other serious injury which otherwise might result from a violent action of your muscular system.

21st.—Never let the duration of gymnastic exercise exceed a half-hour daily, or an hour once in two days.

22nd.—Never rise early, unless you retire early, or sleep with your windows closed, or have something to attend to which will not permit you to lie late.

23rd.—If you retire late, or sleep with your windows open, lie until you feel like rising, whatever may be the hour.

24th.—Gradually wear less clothing about your neck, until you wear so little that you can at any time allow your neck to be entirely exposed, without being liable to take cold.

25th.—Be careful that your dress is at all times loose and easy in every particular.

26th.—Conform to the customs of society no further than your health will admit.

THE UNITARIAN HOME MISSIONARY BOARD.

We avail ourselves of this opportunity to make it more widely known that candidates are wanted for the above board. This application must be accompanied with certificates from at least two Unitarian ministers, or laymen, stating that they are personally acquainted with the candidate, and believe him to be of unblemished character, of respectable talents, and of a devout and benevolent disposition; also that they consider him both able and willing to promote the religious improvement of his fellow-men. Where it is possible, it is wished that a certificate of ability in public speaking may be added.

THE TWO HOMES.

Two men on their way home met at a street crossing, and then walked on together. They were neighbours and friends.

"This has been a very hard day," said Mr. Freeman, in a gloomy voice. And as they walked homeward they discouraged each other, and made darker the clouds that obscured their whole horizon.

"Good evening," was at last said, hurriedly; and the two men passed into their homes.

Mr. Walcott entered the room where his wife and children were gathered, and without speaking to any one seated himself in a chair, and leaning his head back, closed his eyes. His countenance wore a weary, sad, exhausted look. He had been seated thus for only a few minutes, when his wife said, in a fearful voice:

"More trouble again."

"What is the matter now?" asked Mr. Walcott, almost starting.

"John has been sent home from school."

"What?" Mr. Walcott partly rose from his chair.

"He has been suspended for bad conduct."

"Oh, dear!" groaned Mr. Walcott, "where is he?"

"Up in his room; I sent him there as soon as he came home. You'll have to do something with him. He'll be ruined if he goes on in this way. I'm out of all heart with him."

Mr. Walcott punished the boy severely, and this without listening to the explanation which the poor child tried to make him hear.

"Father," said the boy, with forced calmness, after the cruel stripes had ceased, "I was'nt to blame, and if you will go with me to the teacher I can prove myself innocent."

"Very well, we will see about that," he answered, with forced sternness; and leaving the room he went down stairs, feeling much more uncomfortable than he went up. Again he seated himself in his large chair, and again leaned back his weary head and closed his heavy eyelids. Sadder was his face than before. As he sat thus, the eldest daughter, in her sixteenth year, came and stood by him. She held a paper in her hand.

"Father;" he opened his eyes—"here's my quarter's bill. Can't I have the money to take to school with me in the morning?"

"I'm afraid not," Mr. Walcott answered, half in despair.

"Nearly all the girls will bring in their money, to-morrow, and it mortifies me to be behind the others."

After a silence of a few moments, Mrs. Walcott said: "The coals are all gone."

"Impossible!" Mr. Walcott raised his head and looked incredulous. "I laid in six tons."

"I can't help it; if there were sixty tons instead of six, they are all gone. The girls had hard work to-day to scrape up enough to keep the fire in."

"There's been a shameful waste somewhere."

Mr. Walcott returned to his chair, and, again seating himself, leaned back his head, and closed his eyes, as at first. How sad, and weary, and hopeless he felt! The burdens of the day had seemed almost too heavy for him; but he had borne up bravely. To gather strength for a renewed struggle with adverse circumstances, he had come home. Alas! that the process of exhaustion should still go on—that where only strength could be looked for on earth, no strength was given.

When the tea bell was rung, Mr. Walcott made no movement to obey the summons.

"Come to supper," said his wife, coldly.

But he did not stir.

"Are you not coming to supper?" she called to him, as she was leaving the room.

"I don't wish for anything this evening. My head aches very much," he answered.

The whole evening passed off without the occurrence of a single incident that gave a healthful pulsation to the sick heart of Mr. Walcott. No thoughtful kindness was manifested by any member of the family; but, on the contrary, a narrow regard for self.

No wonder, from the pressure which was on him, that Mr. Walcott felt utterly discouraged. He retired early and attempted to find that relief from mental disquietude in sleep which he had vainly hoped for in the bosom of his family. But the whole night passed in broken slumber and disturbing dreams. The day that opened so unpropitiously closed upon him a ruined man!

Let us look in for a few moments upon Mr. Freeman, a friend and neighbour of Mr. Walcott. He, also, had come home weary, dispirited and almost sick. The trials of the day had been unusually severe, and when he looked anxiously forward to scan the future, not even a gleam of light was seen along the black horizon.

As he stepped across the threshold of his dwelling, "Father's come!" cried a glad little voice on the stairs, the moment his footfall sounded in the passage; then quick pattering feet were heard—and then a tiny form was springing into his arms. Before reaching the sitting-room above, Alice, the eldest daughter, was by his side, her arm drawn fondly within his, and her loving eyes lifted to his face.

"Are you not late, dear?" It was the gentle voice of Mrs. Freeman.

Mr. Freeman could not trust himself to answer. He was too deeply troubled in spirit to assume, at the moment, a cheerful tone.

"Are you not well, Robert?" she inquired, tenderly, as she drew his large arm-chair toward the centre of the room.

"A little headache," he answered, with a slight evasion.

Scarcely was Mr. Freeman seated, ere a pair of hands was busy with each foot, removing gaiter and shoes, and supplying their place with a soft slipper. There was not one in the household who did not feel happier for his return, nor one who did not seek to render him some kind office.

During the evening, she gleaned from something he said the real cause of his changed aspect. At once her thoughts commenced running in a new channel. By a few remarks, she drew her husband into conversation on the subject of home expenses, and before sleep fell soothingly upon the heavy eyelids of Mr. Freeman that night, an entire change in their style of living had been determined upon—a change that would reduce their expenses at least one-half.

"I see light ahead," were the hopeful words of Mr. Freeman, as he resigned himself to slumber.

With renewed strength of mind and body, and a confident spirit, he went forth the next day. Home had proved his tower of strength—his walled city. Strengthened for the conflict, he went forth again into the world and conquered in the struggle.

"I see a light ahead," gave place to "the morning!"

THE INNER CALM.

BY H. BONAR, D.D.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While those hot breezes blow;
Be like the night dew's cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm,
Soft resting on thy breast:
Soothe me with holy hymn and psalm,
And bid my spirit rest.

Calm me, my God, and keep me calm;
Let thine outstretching wing
Be like the shade of Elim's palm,
Beside her desert spring.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street.

Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
Calm in my hour of pain,
Calm in my poverty or wealth,
Calm in my loss or gain.

Calm in the sufferance of wrong,
Like him who bore my shame,
Calm 'mid the threatening, taunting throng
Who hate thy holy name.

Calm when the great world's news with power
My listening spirit stir;
Let not the tidings of the hour
E'er find too fond an ear.

Calm as the rays of sun or star,
Which storms assail in vain,
Moving unruffled through earth's war,
The eternal calm to gain.

PRESBYTERIANS.

WITHIN the last few weeks there has been a newspaper-controversy in Newcastle, consequent upon an allusion made by the Chairman of a social meeting in the school-rooms of the Church of the Divine Unity, to the Rev. William Durant, M.A., as the founder of the congregation. A writer, who calls himself, curiously enough, "A Would-be Puritan," claims the ejected lecturer of All Saints', Newcastle, as being "orthodox" in the "evangelical" acceptation of the term, and seems, moreover, to be unaware of the distinction between an English and a Scottish Presbyterian. "The late Rev. William Turner," says he, "was supposed to be a Presbyterian [that is, he means an "Evangelical"] minister; and amongst his congregation were many who would have recoiled at the idea of being followers of Priestley or Belsham." We will not dwell upon the assertion respecting Mr. Turner. The deceased (as one of the newspaper-writers has already shown) adopted the words of Priestley at his ordination in 1782, when stating his religious views at Pudsey; and he was a consistent Unitarian from the beginning to the end of his ministry. He was also a genuine English "Presbyterian;" and upon this point we will speak more at length, because it is important that it should be well understood.

The English Presbyterian was a Nonsubscriber. The Bible was his rule of faith. Whatever his belief—whether he was Unitarian or Trinitarian—he subscribed to no creed, but claimed "the right of private judgment and liberty of conscience, in opposition to all human authority in matters of religion," and asserted "the supremacy of Christ as the only head of his Church, and the sufficiency of the Holy Scriptures as the rule of faith and practice." (Palmer's "Dissenters' Catechism.") And in the "Brief History of Protestant Nonconformity," written by Mr. Thomas Richmond, of Stockton, the difference between the English and the Scottish Presbyterian is clearly stated in a letter of the 31st of January, 1737, written from Darlington, by the Rev. William Wood, M.D., to the Rev. Isaac Barker, of Whitby. Dr. Wood thus speaks:—"I shall have no hand in bringing candidates from Scotland among us, unless they will either actually or virtually abjure their National Kirk, and resolve never more to return to it for preferment." Admitting their worth, he adds:—"One thing is lacking, and that the distinguished characteristick of an English from a Scotch Presbyterian. The English one builds upon the large foundation of the New Testament: the Scotch one does not profess to do so, even when in England. . . . . Hence comes a scourge to such of us as are for reviving primitive Christianity, and a fatal obstacle to the removal of that attachment to confessions of faith of human composure which our brethren on this side the water so much labour after." "My sentiments," says the Rev. John Thompson, of Stockton, in a letter to Mr. Barker, "quadrate with the Doctor's." And the Rev. G. Mork, of Dunbar, writing to the same minister some years afterwards, maintains the sufficiency of Holy Scripture, and declares "that the doctrine of Merit, of Christ's Satisfaction and Justification by Faith, Eternal Decrees, the Eternity of Hell Torments, and the doctrine of the Trinity, as professed by the Calvinists and others, as they call themselves, orthodox divines, are opinions which, at present, appear to me to be irrational and unscriptural." So wrote Mr. Mork a century ago; and although "A Would-be Puritan" would have us believe that "it was not until a recent period" that the congregation in Hanover-square, Newcastle, was identified with Unitarianism, we find the Dunbar divine, who rejected the doctrine of the Trinity, saying to Mr. Barker, of Whitby, "Pray tell Mr. Turner [the father of the Newcastle minister] that I very earnestly wish for the pleasure of his correspondence." We also have Mr. Turner himself—the Newcastle Turner—at no "recent period," but in the year 1802, printing a tribute "to the memory of his excellent friend, the Rev. Edward Prowitt, who, having been led to a change of sentiment with respect to the doctrine of the Trinity, had been obliged to relinquish the pastoral charge of a congregation of Calvinistic Baptists at Oxford;" and in the year 1788 he became the minister of the community of Unitarian Baptists, of Newcastle, which amalgamated with the Hanover-square congregation in 1797. How idle, then, the notion that Mr. Turner and his flock were not Unitarians from the time of his appointment!

"A Would-be Puritan" "suspects that the first person who trenched [as minister in Hanover-square] upon what are usually known as evangelical doctrines, was the Rev. Samuel Lowthion." Mr. Lowthion was minister from 1752 to 1780; and in 1756 he preached a discourse in Kendal, at the ordination of the Rev. Caleb Rotheram, on "The Reasonableness and Advantage of allowing Ministers to deliver their Sentiments with Freedom." In claiming freedom for the pulpit, however, he was not singular. He was simply Presbyterian. The Rev. Josiah Rogerson, of Derby, brother of Mr. Lowthion's predecessor, "distinguished himself as an assertor of the right of private judgment in the controversy which took place in those parts on the occasion of Mr. Joseph Rawson, of Nottingham, being excluded from communion by his minister, Mr. Sloss, on account of some difference of opinion between them concerning the Trinity." (Turner's "Sketch.") And this brings us to repeat, in conclusion, that what we prize, and would preserve, is not simply our individual faith, but our individual freedom—our Presbyterian "agreement to differ." For this did Durant and the "two thousand" make sacrifice of their livings; and we honour their memories. They were the founders of Protestant Nonconformity in England; and the activity of Dissent has provoked the Established Church, whose value we gratefully recognize, to good works. In this, as in other passages of our history, we can look back and see that all is well—that "from seeming evil" the hand of Providence is ever "educing good."

WILLIAM DURANT.

Brave heart! when throned Power
Free Conscience would constrain,
Thy Courage, equal to the hour,
Bade sovran Conscience reign.

Thou didst not think it loss
To lay thine office down—
Take up, with patient mind, thy Cross,
And scorn the Tyrant's frown.

An outcast of the State,
Which knew not thy great worth,
Thou, from thy loved Allhallows' gate,
Went'st nobly, grandly forth.

Thy freedom not to lose,
Thou laid'st thy gown aside,
"The world before thee where to choose,
"And Providence thy guide."

'Twas thine a Church to found
Where Creeds should be unknown—
Where, by no human fetters bound,
The Book should rule alone:

Where Christ should Master be,
And all who own'd him Lord
Should stand in Gospel boldness free,
Enfranchised by the Word.

Newcastle's walls without
(Thou must not teach within),
Thy Church was planted, and took root,
With all free Churches kin.

And when thy faithful life
Was spent, the Church denied
Her rites. (Alas, th' ignoble strife,
Not ended when he died!)

Outcast in life and death,
By men of Forms and Creeds,
Shall Creed-bound men now snatch a wreath
From his immortal deeds?

Shall men who dare not trust
The Sacred Page alone,
But copy those who spurn'd his dust,
Claim Durant as their own?

Justice and truth say no.
His name belongs of right
To his unfetter'd Church below,
Which bears his rule in sight.

And theirs his mantle, too,
Where'er on earth they be,
Who keep the liberty in view
Wherein Christ makes them free.

☞ By the Act of Uniformity (14 Carolus II., cap. 4), all ministers who did not declare their unfeigned assent and consent to everything contained in the Book of Common Prayer, were deprived of their offices; and more than two thousand of the clergy left the Church, carrying with them a numerous train of adherents, and laying the foundations of Protestant Dissent. One of the two thousand was William Durant, M.A., of All Saints', Newcastle, who, after his ejection on the 24th of August, 1662, (St. Bartholomew's Day) established the first Church of Nonconformists in that town. "He preached occasionally in the night to some of his former hearers, till the indulgence in 1672; after which he preached publicly in a licensed house to a numerous auditory."—(Turner's "Short Sketch of the History of Nonconformity," 1811.) "He died in the latter end of King Charles's reign, and was buried in his own garden, not being allowed to be interred in what was called holy ground." (Calamy, ii. 500.) "I found the following inscription on a flat gravestone, under a staircase, in one of the stables of the late Sir Walter Blackett's house in Pilgrim-street. The stable appears to have been built over it. The place was long known among the servants by the name of 'The Dead Man's Hole.'"

Parentis venerandi
Gulielmi Durant A.M.
Ecclesiæ Christi
D.V. hac in urbe
Pastoris vigilantissimi
Officii pietatis ergo
Funeri subjacenti
Sepulchrale hocce marmor
Lu. mæ posuit
Johannes Durant F.
Josh. cap. ult. ver. 29, 30, 32, 33.
1681.

(Brand's History of Newcastle, i. 387.) The gravestone was presented by Mr. George Anderson, during the ministry of the Rev. William Turner, to the church founded by Durant, then worshipping in Hanover-square (whither it had been removed from the meeting-house in the Close, beyond the walls, in 1727). In the ministry of the Rev. George Harris, the congregation erected a church in New Bridge-street; and the stone was then removed from the chapel-yard in Hanover-square, and incorporated in the walls of the new structure, in the vestibule. In the month of August, in the present year, when the Rev. William Newton was inaugurated, a newspaper-controversy arose as to the right of the congregation to claim Durant as its founder; and these verses were consequently written.

SUGGESTIONS TO THOSE WHO VISIT WORKING PEOPLE AND THE POOR.

By John Page Hopps.

1.—Never go into a house unless you have something fair and legitimate to go there for;—something to sell, or give, or offer. The latch of a poor man's house, in a back alley, should be considered as sacred as the door of a rich man's hall.

2.—Do not assume that the poor folks are ignorant; they know more than we sometimes give them credit for. They do not want teaching the right so much as persuading to do it.

3.—Do not profess much about having their welfare at heart; for if you have it so at heart, it will soon be shown, and when shown they will soon find it out, and think all the better of you for saying nothing about it.

4.—Do not be in a hurry to get everything done at once; have great faith in little things. Remember that the presence of a beautiful object, introduced by you into a miserable abode, and placed side by side with the manifold untidinesses there, will do more good in the long run than a hundred immediate and sweeping condemnations; because the silent power of a thing of beauty is always of more worth than loud denouncements of deformity.

5.—Care as much as you can for the temporal concerns of the people. I do not mean, by giving them money, but by putting them in the way of honestly getting it for themselves. And yet be sure it is often better to lay a crust where some would only leave a tract.

6.—Let the poor folk do all they incline to do for you. Let them wipe the chair for you, and make a fuss about your being in the draught—it does them good, and is, at all events, a pleasant little outcome of the human, which is always blessed. Never refuse their little presents, and their kind offices; it is part of our work to make them feel the beauty of such things.

7.—Never "introduce" religious subjects. Let all you say be genial, healthy, kind, and generous, and they will soon see the religiousness of that.

8.—Whatever you do, never fancy that the talk is to be all on your side. It often does a poor soul more good to "tell you all about it," than to be preached to, though the sermon be never so good.

9.—Keep all your promises to the poor. They have wonderful memories; for the promise of a bunch of grapes, or of a new arm to the old chair, is as much to them as the promise of a guinea would be to some of you. Besides, they are very sensitive on such matters.

10.—Do not be too hard upon them about their children being dirty. Just think how hard some of you find it to keep your two or three little ones decent, even with all the help of a drawer-full of clean pinafores, plenty of time, and a nurse-maid: what can you expect then, where the mother has to go out at seven in the morning for a day's washing, and where, taking the average, there is only one pinafore and a-half to each child; where, moreover, there is no nurse-maid nigh, to keep them from playing with the cinders, or making dirt pies?

11.—Remember that the great thing is not to pauperize the poor, but to make them independent. It is better (I do not say easier) to teach folks to help themselves than to help them—to make a weak foot strong than to buy it a crutch—and to make a man wise than to relieve and put a premium on his folly.

12.—Never go finely dressed to the homes of the poor. They cannot help disliking and suspecting fine ladies, and prim people of all sorts, "got up" to do ministerial or charitable visitation. Do not make them feel you are such a long way off.

13.—Be human; never get into a professional tone; the poor folks suspect formality, and love a downright, hearty, homely manner.

WHERE SHALL THE UNGODLY AND SINNER APPEAR?

For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God; and if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel of God? And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?"—PETER iv. 17.

THE first thing which deserves notice in this passage is Peter's declaration: "For the time is come that judgment must begin at the house of God." That the phrase, "the house of God," refers to the church of God, is very evident from the following, among other passages: Gen. xxvii. 16—22; 1 Peter ii. 5; 1 Tim. iii. 13; Heb. iii. 5—6; Eph. ii. 19—22. Well, was future endless misery to begin at the church of God? No; but judgment or afflictions for the Gospel's sake began here, as it is evident from Matt. xxiv. 9—12, compared with the verses preceding these we are considering. But let us ask further, what *time was come* when judgment must begin at the house of God? I answer, the time predicted by our Lord, Matt. xxiv. 21—22; John xvi. 1—4. "Yea, the time cometh that whosoever killeth you will think he doeth God service." Compare Matt. xxiv. 21—22; Mark xiii. 13; and Luke xvi. 1—4. Peter here says, that this time predicted by our Lord had then arrived. Christians were experiencing the truth of his predictions by the things they were suffering.

2.—Peter is reasoning on his own declaration. "And if it first begin at us, what shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel of God; and if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?" Let us here ask, And if *what* first began at *whom?* The answer evidently is, and if judgment first begin at the church or house of God. What this judgment was, we have seen. Well, if such tribulations first began at the church of God, the apostle asks "what shall the end be of them that obey not the Gospel of God." The first question here is, who are referred to by Peter as not obeying the Gospel of God? Not to obey the Gospel of God, is to remain in unbelief and disobedience. This was the case with the unbelieving Jews, and that to them Peter here alluded, is evident from the following, among other texts which might be quoted. See Isaiah liii. 1. Compare Rom. x. 16. See also the context. Well, what is to be their end? Our Lord states this in Matt. xxiii. 33—37. They could not escape the damnation of hell; but upon them was to come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth.

But it is added, "And if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear?" By the righteous here, is evidently meant the same as the house or church of God in the preceding verse. Well, let us ask, and if the righteous scarcely be saved from *what?* Some interpret this, that the righteous are scarcely saved from hell, and just get to heaven, as it were, by a hair's breadth escape. But how can this be reconciled with 2 Peter i. 11, and other texts we might name? What

then is meant? I answer, such were the tremendous judgments which God brought on the unbelieving Jews, that unless the Lord had shortened their days no flesh could have been saved. See Matt. xxiv. 21—22. Only those who were Christ's disciples, that endured to the end, the righteous, or church of God, were saved. Matt. xxiv. 13. And that they were scarcely saved, is evident from Matt. xxiv. 16—21, for they were commanded to flee from Jerusalem. He that was on the house-top must not come down to take anything out of his house, and he that was in the field must not return back to take his clothes. The least delay might prove fatal, hence they were to regard nothing, but flee for their lives. They were scarcely saved, just as a man escapes from his house in flames, without regarding anything but his life.

3.—I shall just notice the inference which the apostle draws from his declaration, and his reasoning upon it. "Wherefore let them that suffer according to the will of God commit the keeping of their souls to him in well-doing as unto a faithful Creator." To suffer, yet not suffer according to the will of God, is to suffer as a thief, a murderer, and an evil-doer. See v. 15, and chap. ii. 20. To suffer according to the will of God, was to suffer as a Christian, for well-doing. See verses 15, 16, and chap. ii. 19. Those who thus suffer are exhorted to commit the keeping of their souls (*psuchas*, lives) to God in well-doing. He that loved his life, through fear of suffering, should lose it. Matt. x. 39; Mark viii. 35. They were to commit the keeping of their lives to him in the midst of such calamities. See Matt. xxiv. 13; 2 Tim. i. 12.

Dr. A. Clarke, a believer in future eternal punishment, gives the meaning in the following words. "If it shall be with extreme difficulty that the Christians shall escape from Jerusalem, when the Roman armies came against it, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear."

It is deeply to be regretted that any man professing to be a teacher of others should quote this text in proof of a judgment, or punishment after death. It argues not only his ignorance of the Scriptures, but even of what writers on his side of the question have said. No commentator I have ever seen differs materially from the sentiments I have advanced respecting the meaning of this passage. Yet how often it is quoted with an emphasis, and a tone to give it effect, that it teaches the common doctrine of future punishment. The man who knows better, yet still quotes it in this way, what stores of vengeance is he thus laying up for himself, allowing his doctrine to be true? What crime can be worse than for a man thus knowingly and deliberately to pervert the divine oracles? But it seems the end satisfies the means sometimes, with Protestants as well as Catholics, for it is not want of charity to affirm that some teachers quote this and no other texts in proof of future punishment, who, in their hearts, believe they have no relation to the subject. Yet these triflers with God, their conscience, and the public, very freely doom others to hell, and none are more confident than they of their own salvation.

EXPLANATIONS OF SCRIPTURAL TEXTS ADVANCED TO SUSTAIN UNSCRIPTURAL DOCTRINES.

ETERNAL PUNISHMENT.

We have now arrived at the last section of our explanations. We need hardly say that this doctrine of eternal torments is directly opposed to the wisdom and goodness of God. Eternal, indescribable punishment is both cruel and unmeaning, and would find no place in the code of laws of the most imperfect, cruel, and senseless of monarchs. It is a libel on the character of God to believe, teach, or preach such a thing. We rejoice to know that our denomination, as a whole, rejects this God-dishonouring doctrine, and that there are few among us who do not believe with *Priestley*, "We shall *all meet finally*. We only require different degrees of discipline, suited to our different tempers, to prepare us for final happiness." And with Channing, we all regard the popular doctrine of eternal misery as "*A horrible thought*, which would shroud the universe in more than sepulchral gloom, and that this forms no part of our conception of the purposes and government of the God and Father of Jesus Christ." From a diligent examination of the Bible, we find this really forms no part of its teachings, that any of the human family shall suffer for ever. That there is no more reason to believe that the punishment of the wicked shall be everlasting, though it has the term a few times applied to it, than that the Mosaic priesthood should be everlasting, because it was called "an everlasting priesthood," and the possession of the Jews of Palestine everlasting, because called an "everlasting possession." But we will proceed to cite those passages supposed to set forth this doctrine, and we will take this famous text first.

Isaiah xxxii. 14.—"Who among us shall dwell with the *devouring fire?* Who among us shall dwell with *everlasting burnings?*" We ask our readers to open their Bibles, and read the whole context of this passage, and they will bear witness to the correctness of the following explanation. Dreadful temporal affliction is threatened in this chapter to the Jewish people. There is not the least reference in the chapter to a future state in which this suffering would be imposed. It was coming upon the people, and they would be as chaff or stubble when their sufferings came. "The sinners in Zion are afraid; fearfulness hath surprised the hypocrites. Who among us shall dwell with the devouring fire? who among us shall dwell with everlasting burnings?" These times of affliction are called devouring fire and everlasting burnings, and the question is asked, who will bear this affliction unhurt? and the answer is given in the very next verse. "He that walketh righteously and speaketh uprightly," etc., etc., he shall meditate all this terror unhurt. Here the *temporal punishments* of the Jews are called "everlasting burnings"—this is unquestionably so, and may lead to the solution of other texts as well.

To be continued.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

When Algernon Sydney was told that he might save his life by telling a falsehood—by denying his hand-writing—he said: "When God has brought me into a dilemma in which I must assert a lie or lose my life, He gives me a clear indication of my duty, which is to prefer death to falsehood."

Tobacco.—It is calculated that the entire world of smokers and snuff-takers consume two million tons of tobacco annually, and this at a cost sufficient to pay for all the bread-corn eaten in Great Britain! When we come to consider that the world contains at least one hundred million smokers, we shall have some idea of the vast effect this narcotic must have upon the industrial and mechanical pursuits of the human race.

George III.—He was a sincere Churchman after his own fashion, but would have stood a very indifferent examination from a modern high church chaplain on the power of the keys and the characteristics of the visible church. He did not relish the Athanasian Creed, and avoided repeating it with characteristic steadiness. He lived in perfect religious peace with the Queen, who was a Lutheran in heart to her dying day, and never loved the services of our Church.—*Quarterly Review.*

A Source of Smiles.—Dr. Franklin having noticed that a certain mechanic who worked near his office was always happy and smiling, ventured at length to ask him for the secret of his constant cheerfulness:—"No secret, Doctor," he replied; "I have got one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she has always a kind word of encouragement for me; when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss, and the tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me, that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody."

A Mother's Love.—Children, look in those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while yet you have that most precious of all good gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look, however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends, fond, dear, kind friends—but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggles with the hard, uncaring world, for the sweet, deep security I felt, when, of an evening, nestling to her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared to sleep; never her kiss of peace at night! Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard; yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eye watches over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.—*Macauley.*

Religion in Russia.—A letter from Warsaw, in the *Augsburg Gazette*, says:—"The Government is still very severe in religious matters. Recently a M. Takarski, a Roman Catholic, married a Russian lady of the Greek church, but the priest who performed the ceremony forgot to make them sign a written engagement to bring up their children in the orthodox religion. When a child was born, M. Takarski had it baptized in the Catholic church. That fact was denounced to the authorities, and in virtue of an Imperial ukase, just issued, the priest has been incorporated as a private soldier in the army, and M. Takarski has been thrown into prison, and there remains."

Religion in India.—Gangooly says, "In India the rebuking of fevers is still a reality; and Indian doctors, in curing a disease, still make use of the forms of exorcising the evil demons, and sending them to other abodes, just as Christ is said to have sent the devils into the swine. No Brahmin would understand by the words, 'He who has seen me has seen the Father,' that Christ meant that he was himself the father. It is a common Eastern idiom: ask a Hindoo girl the way to her father's house, and she will perhaps direct you to turn first to the right and then to the left, till you come within sight of a palm tree, 'and when you see the palm tree you see my father's house;' meaning, of course, not that the palm tree and the house were the same thing, but that you could not see one without being within sight of the other also. The Brahmins will never accept such doctrines as an illogical Trinity, or the total depravity of man; but if the missionaries would preach simply the life of Christ as the exponent of true religion, they would soon have numerous converts."

Pauperism.—The Earl of Shaftesbury says, "I do not hesitate to say that nine-tenths of the pauperism, nine-tenths of the difficulties whereby the working classes of these realms are beset, nine-tenths of the woes that press upon them, are caused by their own improvidence—are caused by their own pernicious habits of intoxication." The Rev. George Holt, *Chaplain*, says, "From my own actual experience, I am fully convinced of the accuracy of a statement made by the late governor, that of *every hundred* persons admitted into the Birmingham Workhouse, ninety-nine were through the prevalent and ruinous *drinking usages* of our country." The Rev. Dr. Chalmers says, "The public-house is the most deleterious, and by far the most abundant source of pauperism." The *North British Review* says, "Were it not for this one cause, pauperism would be nearly extinguished in England."

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